

Nocturnall
Lucubrations:
O R
MEDITATIONS
DIVINE and MORALL.
Whereunto are added
EPIGRAMS
AND
EPITAPHS:
WRITTEN BY
ROB:CHAMBERLAIN.

*in mundo spes nulla doni, spes nulla salutis:
Sola salus servire Deo, sunt cetera fraudes.*

L O N D O N,
Printed by M. F. for Daniel Freere,
at the signe of the Red Bull in
Little-Brittaine. 1638. ♣

The
 Instructions
 for
 Meditations
 by
 David Morrell

Written by
 E. P. I. G. A. M. S.
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Written by
 R. P. I. G. A. M. S.

in number for a 1796
 and for a 1796

LONDON
 Printed by M. F. for David Evans
 at the sign of the Red Bull in
 Little Britain. 1796



TO THE
 WORSHIPFULL,
 And his honored Master,
 PETER BALLE *Esquire*,
 Sollicitor generall to the
 Queenes Majestie.

S I R,



H E en-
 vious con-
 dition of
 these car-
 ping times (like a frost
A 3 in

• The Epistle

in the Spring) so nips
Invention in the bud,
that for the most part
she dies like a blasted
Plant, and never lives
to see her proper fruit.
Many are the Vo-
lumes of Historie,
Antiquities, and other
Peeces of learning
your Worship hath
volved and revolved,
and

Dedicatory.

and yet I think scarce
ever saw the person or
worke hath not one
time or other had the
long last of censure.
Dic quibus in terris,
& eris mihi magnus
Apollo. Faine would
I know where the man
lives, on whose works
or repute are not to be

old
A 4 seene

The Epistle

seene some stripes of
detraction. May your
Worship therefore be
pleased to spread the
wings of your protecti-
on over these poore
thoughts, whereby they
may be sheltred from
the criticall crew of
Zoilus, which will be
not onely an inexpress-
sible

sib
gre
to

Dedicatory.

*sible obligation, but a
great encouragement
to*



Your humble servant,

ROBERT CHAMBERLAIN.

Dedicatory.

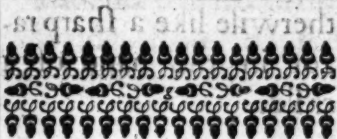
able obligation, but a
great encouragement

to

your humble servant

ROBERT CHAMBERLAIN

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No
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Nocturnall Lucubrations:
OR
MEDITATIONS

Divine and Morall.



EARNING IS
like Scander-
begs Sword,
either good
or bad according to him
that hath it: an excellent
weapon if well used, o-
ther-

therwise like a sharp razor in the hand of a child.

Where impossibilities are apparent, it is indiscretion to nourish hopes.

The gentle hand of Patience in the strongest streames of Adversitie, makes our afflictions sweet and easie. *Gloriosius est injuriam tacendo fugere, quàm respondendo superare.*

Pati-

Patience out-faceth the
lowring front of the
most dismal fate.

To insult over misery
is the undoubted chara-
cter of barbarous inhu-
manity.

To incurre Gods dis-
pleasure for mans favour,
is for a man to kill him-
selfe to avoid a hurt.

Roaring oblations
with sighing tears fetcht
from

from a faithfull spring,
are onely able to pene-
trate the everlasting gates.

¶ Good rewards in the
end, never faile to crowne
the end of a well prose-
cuted good.

¶ Though the waies of
vertue seeme rough and
craggie, yet they reach to
heaven, and in the end in-
vest humanity in the
bright robes of immorta-
lity. *Tendit in ardua virtus.*
Hu-

Humility is a grace it
selfe, and a spotlesse vessel
to entertain all other gra-
ces.

As the ball rebounds
according to the force
wherewith it was
throwne; so the more vi-
olent the afflictions of a
good man are, the higher
mount his thoughts.

A good conscience
seats the mind in a rich
throne of endlesse quiet;
but

but horror waits upon
the clogging burden of a
guilty soule.

Face commendation
sets a foole in the chaire
of ostentation; but dies
the cheek of wisdomes a
scarlet blush.

The richest treasure
mortall times afford, is
the spotlesse garment of
an untainted reputation.

*Quando altum est de nomi-
ne, altum est de homine.*

Na

119 Nature hath too slow
a foot, closely to follow
the heeles of Religion;
and tis too hard a task for
dull flesh clogg'd with
corruption, to wing with
the high flying quill of
the heavenly soule.

Sorrow for ills past
brings back mans frailty
to its first innocence.

Majestie is like Light-
ning, it never hurts but
where it finds resistance.

B

Man

Man is a Ship laden
with riches, the world's
the sea, heaven the inten-
ded haven: hell sends out
his Pirates to rob him,
sometimes indeavours to
run him upon the rocks
of his ruine, but yet hea-
vens eye guards him: His
soule is the Pilot, which
through various seas of
time and fortune, brings
him to the long desired
Port of his endlesse quiet.

I have read of the Hart,
that

in the time of his liberty
and jollity, of all creatures
will not come neare a
man; but when hee is
hunted by the dogs, he
will fly for succour to the
next man he meets: So it
is with man; Prosperity
cannot ingender so high
a timpanie of pride, but
miserie can abate it.

Halcyon dayes make
a man forget both God
and himselfe: but affli-
ctions make us runne to

seeke **G O D** early.

To master a mans self
is more than to conquer
a world; for he that con-
quered the world, could
not master himselfe.

The malicious thirst of
revenge out of a flinty
cowardize strikes the hot
fire of manlike unmanly
valour.

The falling of a house

is
the
for
but
wit
dere
scar
ties
ratio
tion

L
prec
mor
com
fram

is

is more perillous than
the rising of a flood. Evils
foreseene are halfe cured;
but mishap coming
with the sudden thun-
derclap of inexpectation,
scares the mindes facul-
ties, from all conside-
ration of wise preven-
tion.

Learning is the onely
precious jewell of im-
mortality; it well be-
comes the outward
frame, and with immor-
tall

tall glory decks and adorns the never dying part. *Non habet inimicum præter ignorantem.*

The most transcendent offenders transgressed not so much against the rules of humanity, as do the black monsters of prodigious ingratitude.

Happy, thrice happy were mans condition, could hee but ransom home the lamentable
 loss

lesse of that pristin command over his intemperate passions.

Man is the Embleme of miserie, the subject of sorrow, and the object of pitty; and so will be so long as hee wanders up and downe in the gloomie fenn of this weeping wilderness.

πάντα ὡς ἄνθρωπος, καὶ πάντα ὡς ἀνθρώπου ὡς ἀνθρώπος ἄνθρωπος.

παντα ὡς ἀνθρώπου ἄνθρωπος.

Successe seldome fails

to crowne the enterprife
according to the integri-
ty of the cause.

All men wear not one
habit of the minde, nor
are all dispositiōs cloth'd
alike with natures habi-
liments.

Posterity may well be
called the eternity of life:
he may be said never to
die, whose name the eter-
nall providence never
fails to underprop with
the

the lasting pillars of a numerous issue.

There is not halfe so much danger in the desperate sword of a known foe, as in the smooth insinuations of a pretended friend.

Unwise is that man that will be either dejected or exalted with the frownes or smiles of various fortune.

Mor-

Mortalls must sub-
scribe to whatsoever is
writ in the adamantine
tables of the eternall pro-
vidence. *Quicquid patimur
venit ab alto. Seneca.*

The greatest canker
that can be to love, is the
bosome nursing of a con-
cealed grudge.

Reason at first produ-
ceth opinion; but after-
wards an ill received opi-
nion may seduce the ve-
ry

ry soule of reason.

Strange is the nature of an ill opinion: it stands fast when it is once set, though grounded upon nothing. Miraculous is that water that scovres away the seeming dirt from the object of an ill conceit.

Let thy desires have the length and breadth of reason, & at length thou shalt have the breadth of thy desires.

That

That man is commonly of a good nature, whose tongue is the true Herald to his thoughts.

A prejudicate opinion makes the judgement looke askint, and the most injurious informer is an ill conceit, because it is ever ready to blemish the beauty of the best intended action.

In the clearest sunshine of faire prosperity, we are subject

subject to the boystrous
stormes of gloomie ad-
versity.

He that alwayes ob-
serves the censuring mur-
mur of idle people, shall
never let the suspected
blush depart from his
cheeke.

A malevolent mind is
like a boystrous sea tum-
bling in the swelling bil-
lowes of indignation, till
dire revenge sets it in a
conceited

conceited liberty, and never till then is it lockt in the griping gins of soule tormenting captivity.

Devilish is that disposition, which to wait an opportunity of revenge, will seeme, to rake up its malice in the cinders of oblivion; but when the time serves will not stick to give fire to the whole heap of its hell-bred mischief.

It

It is a prodigious thing
to see a devilish dispositi-
on put on a godly face,
and loathed basenesse
cloath'd with a scarfe of
unstained purity.

The Sun's eye never
saw the man that lived
not under the controu-
ling hand of Fate.

Many gaze on the glo-
rious out-side of a Prin-
ces diadem, but few con-
sider the tempestuous af-
fares

fares that doe environ it.

Hope of remedy, and continuance of griefe, should be both of one length: when hope of remedy is past, grief should make an end.

Too much to lament a misery, is the next way to draw on a remedileffe mischiefe.

Bootlesse griefe hurts a mans selfe: but patience makes

makes a jest of an injury.

Hee that is indebted
to Grief, let him borrow
of Patience, and he shall
soone be out of debt.

Patience rides it out in
the most boysterous
stormes of aduersity, and
is armour of prooffe a-
gainst the thick flying
bullets of the most mali-
cious assaults.

Where the scale of
C sen-

sensuality waighs down
that of reason, the basenes
of our nature conducts
us to most preposterous
conclusions.

It is a madnesse to be
much affected with va-
nity: for though in youth
we neither doe nor will
consider it, yet in the end
the winter of age comes,
and with the besome of
time sweeps away the
summer of our youthfull
follics.

Quic-

Quicquid Sol oriens, & quicquid
 occidens,
 Novit, ceruleis Oceanus
 fretis,
 Quicquid vel veniens, vel
 fugiens lavat,

Ætas Pegasus corripit gra-
 du. Senec. in Troada.

Opinion is the sov-
 eign mistress, or rather
 the sole Midwife of ei-
 ther good or bad effects.

It is not fit for an^r man
 though never so wra-
 C 2 ble,

ble to despair of his own
future good hap: for ma-
ny are the events that lie
in the teeming wombe
of Time.

All words bewray
soule thoughts: but
sweet behaviour is the in-
dex of a vertuous mind.

*Præcipit in lingua comes est
penitentia.*

Labour in good things
is sweet in the use; but
plea

pleasure in euill things
turns to a torment.

Faire words without
good deeds to a man in
misery, are like a saddle
of gold clapt upon the
back of a gall'd horse.

A foolish man in
wealth and authority, is
like a weake timberd
house with too pon-
drous a rooffe.

Heaven without earth

is perfect but earth without heaven is but the porch of hell.

There are no riches like to the sweetnesse of content, nor no poverty comparable to the want of patience.

I have read of the Harp, that he weeps every yeare for the shedding of his head, though the loosing of the old be the way to make roome for a better.

is

C

So

So is it with worldlings,
they weep to part with
any thing here, though it
be for never so great a
treasure hereafter: though
no lesse a matter than the
eternall joyes of heaven
crown the end of faith
and good works, yet
that, *vende totum quod ha-*
bes, & redde pauperibus, is
such a *durus sermo*, that it
makes them block up
their cares against the
wisest Charmer.

C 4. The

The Hart likewise
 when he sees himself ta-
 ken by the hounds, or
 other devise, will shed
 teares, thinking thereby
 to intenerate the hearts of
 the hunters, and move
 them to pittie; or else
 because he sees himselfe
 irrecoverably catcht:

So every true penitent,
 when hee sees himselfe
 overtaken by the wiles
 of Satan, should never
 stop his tears, till he sees
 his

his owne blessed recoverie out of the clavyes of the devill: for he that is on high, keeps our tears in his bottle, and though his tender mercy will not presse upon a broken heart, yet he is alwayes pleased to see a sorrowfull soule baptize himself in the trickling drops of repentant dew.

He that consults with his body for the saving of his soule, shall never bring

bring it to heaven. If we
hope to reape in joy, we
must sow in teares.

He that stands up a-
gainst the vices of great
Ones, had need to be tre-
ble guarded with Law,
Friends, and Authority.

The longer we live,
the more misery we en-
dure: life is like a span
forc'd frō a gouty hand,
the more the hand is ex-
tented, the more paine it
suffers.

Sup-

Supposed goodnesse,
by the blab of time, will
have her close basenesse
set upon the scaffold of
publique shame.

The fierce flash of too
violence fire, soon burns
out it selfe.

The old proverb saith,
Faile and softly goes far:
but he that spurs too fast,
tires betimes.

It is a wise mans part
in

in a case of extremity,
with patience to swal-
low down the bitter po-
tion of indignity.

Harsh reproof is like a
violent storme, soone
washt down the chan-
nell : but friendly admo-
nitions, like a small
showre, pierce deep, and
bring forth better refor-
mation.

A wise man will di-
gest with patience the

ni

sad

sad tidings of calamity,
when a foole by grum-
bling at a crosse, hurts
himselfe.

Life is a continuall
march towards the
grave, and a dangerous
sailing towards death
through the bellowing
waves of a troublesome
world.

Labitur omnis homo memento

to extinguimur uno,
Namque oleo lampas defici-
ente perit.

Within the very crown
that

that adorns the sacred
temples of a King, death
hath his lurking den, mild

Pallida mors æquale pulsat

pede Life is a common

Pauperum tabernaculum regum

quoque turres. How great

death shewes guilt

A willing mind is a

bleed like a man against

the streame of the strong

gest impediments which

the vain imaginations of

Neither hope, nor of Ac-

cident, nor darts of Chance,

penetrates the impregna-

ble

black walls of a resolved
Patience. When his links
are once cracked, turn to
the slowest and most dis-
mal state. Sordid manners in a
comely feature are like
black clouds in a faire
sky. Outward perfection
without inward good-
ness, sets but the blacker
die upon the minds de-
formity. Good

If

If the hand of Omnipotency should please to try us with all manner of affliction, to lock us in the griping gins of misery, to steep us in the dregs of poverty, to rain down shame and defamation on our heads; we are to fly onely in this depth of extremity, to the safe sanctuary of faith & a good conscience, which turne the bitter waters of affliction into the sweet Nectar of never dying comfort.

Good.

Goodness with a smiling patience shakes off the dust that is throwne in the face of her despised fortune.

Teares and smiles are not alwaies the badges of grief and patience.

There is no anger or sorrow like to that which boyls with a constrained silence.

Thoughts tending to
D am.

ambition, are alwayes
wont to plot unlikely
wonders.

It is the easiest thing in
the world to be inve-
ctive; and amongst all
sorts of men, none are so
quick at censuring as the
ignorant: hee will still
give the first lash, whilst
himself is at the best but
a lump of ignorance, a
pretender to learning, &
his head stuf full of no-
thing but titles of books:

for

for if hee be questioned
beyond the Epistle De-
dicatory, he is presently
like an Egyptian valley
in the latter end of Iune.

From an immaculate
Fountaine (by reason of
an ill passage) may pro-
ceed unwholesome and
corrupt water.

A Tradesman had
need to be a good hus-
band; for it is somewhat
a difficult task in these
D 2 times

times, for a man with his
nailes or bare hands, to
teare himselfe a passage
through the flinty waies
of this hard world.

I commend a man that
will draw like a horse,
but not him that will car-
ry every thing that is put
upon him like an asse.

Sacred learning is Wis-
domes prudent Queene,
studied arts are degrees
unto some wished ends,
and

and steps whereby wee
ascend the high top of
our hopes and thoughts.

An ill beginning is
commonly the prodigi-
ous sign of a dismall end.

Anger makes the
tongue bewray the most
secret thoughts.

The top of honour is
a narrow plot of ground,
where if a man tread but
one carelesse step, downe

he tumbles into the jaws
of ruine.

The darkest clouds of
misery or affliction, can-
not over-shadow the
bright shining luster of a
cleare conscience.

The onely way to
wash off the guilt from a
spotted conscience, is to
lay open her bosome-
crimes to the worlds
broad eye.

Ill^e newes flyes with
Eagles wings, but leaden
waights are wont to
clog the heeles of glad-
some tidings.

Inconsiderate desires
rashly fulfill'd, are able to
set the world in an un-
quenchable combusti-
on.

He that wanders too
farre into the wildernesse
of this world, cannot
when hee please creep

D 4

back

back to the lodge of safety.

It is not in the power of man when he please to tread the happy steps of heavenly repentance.

He that desires a good, and suspects his right to it, is bold and turbulent in the pursuit, whilst the man that's conscious to himselfe of good, rests happily content till time crowne with the guer-

back

D 4

don

don of a patient expectation.

Time, Patience, and Industry, are the three grand Masters of the world: they bring a man to the end of his desires; when a turbulent murmur oftentimes jerks him out of the way to his proposed ends.

The best complement is but a kind of a handsome foolerie; & crooching

ing seats are so far from testifying the hearts inward loyalty, that they carry in their front the lineaments of flattery.

As it is a sorrowfull thing when a mans means is too low for his parts, so is it a preposterous sight to see a man whose mind is too big for his fortune.

There is not a more lamentable spectacle than
to

to see a man of parts in
misery, especially if the
fault be not in himselfe:
The worst sight in the
world is a rich Dunce
and a poore Scholler.

The more actions of
depth are preconsidered,
the worse sometimes
they are performed.

The spurs of necessity
are almost able to put a
nimble spirit into the
sense-

senseless body of a dead
stock.

It is Love that makes
the Eternall Mercy to
beare so much the foule
crimes of transgressing
humanity.

Sea, nor land, nor gates
of brasle, are able to
withstand the indefati-
gable hand of a willing
mind.

So violent is the beast-
ly

ly passion of inordinate
lust, that it subjects a man
to base thoughts, per-
turbs his Spirit, and ne-
ver leaves him till it hur-
rie him headlong into
the chambers of death.

Patience is the best
Midwife to a disastrous
misfortune.

Beauty is but a vaine
thing, though nere so
rich: for in the fairest
woman it is but skin
deep:

deep : under the skin
there is no more than or-
dinary.

If a man be not so
happy as he desires, let
this be his comfort, that
he is not so wretched as
he deserves.

The only reason why
some men have not what
they desire, is because
their desires are not
grounded upon reason.

It

It is better to be well
deserving without praise,
than to live by the aire of
undeserved commendation.

Happy is man that his
time is but short, because
it is miserable.

Happy are those mi-
series that terminate in
joy; happy those joyes
that know no end, and
happy is his joyfull end
whose

whole dissolution is c-
ternall joy.

As he that climbs is
in danger of falling, so is
he that lies on the ground
subject to be trampled on
by every peasant: hee is
in the happiest conditi-
on, that moves in the
middle region of the
world, considering that
as want is a misery: a
bundance is but a trou-
ble. *Medio tutissimus ibis.*
Ovid. Meta.

As

As Contemplation altogether without Action is Idlenesse, so constant Action altogether without Contemplation is too bestial.

Wise is that man that steers an even course betwixt the Scylla & Charybdis of this world, prodigality and covetousness, that on the one side will not lavishly consume Gods blessings, nor on the other side embrace

brace ^{and} coverousnesse,
knowing that riches at
the best are but necessa-
ry impediments.

As the smart of the
wound is recompenced
by the cure of the body,
so the punishment of the
body is sweetened by the
health of the soule.

He that hath a friend,
and sees him out of the
way, and labours not by
timely counsell to call

back

back his wandring steps;
renders himself unwor-
thy of so rare a blessing.

He that snuffs at friend-
ly reprehension, and can
better relish the oyle of
flattery, makes himsele
the pittiful abstract of too
late repeating folly.

Not to speake what a
man knowes, is some-
times discretion, but to
speake, and not to know,
is alwayes folly; some-

times dishonesty. *Audi,*
vide, tace, si tu vis vivere
pace.

As it is more honour
 to reach than to be taught,
 so it is lesse shame to
 learn than to be ignorant.

We should all follow
 the world, as a Serving-
 man followeth his Ma-
 ster and a stranger; whilst
 they goe together, he fol-
 lowes them both; but
 when the stranger leaves

his M
 stran
 his, M
 we f
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 God
 wor
 red
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 Disce
 Nam
 ti
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his Master, he leaves the
stranger, and followeth
his Master: So should
we follow the world:
as long as the world goes
with God, wee should
follow them both; but
when the world leaves
God, we should leave the
world, and with prepa-
red hearts follow our
Master God.

*Disce mori, nec te ludat spes
vana salutis,
Nam nescis statuam quem
tibi fata diem.*

As there is a misery in want, so there is a danger in excesse: a man may as soon die of a surfet, as of hunger.

It is good for a man to have praise when he deserves it; but it is better to deserve praise when he hath it.

Honour is like a Palace with a low door, into the which no man can enter but he must first stoop.

The

The staffe of mans
comfort is Hope; which
once broke, bids a finall
farewell to the most
sweetned cogitations.

The most lasting com-
fort is this sweet compa-
nion Hope; which once
departed, makes poore
man either desperately to
plunge himselfe into the
gulfes of horror and de-
spaire, or with sighing
tears to spend the remain-
der of his pilgrimage in

the mournfull valley of
discontent.

God hath an infinite
number both of sacred
and secret wayes as well
to punish as to pardon.

As the eye of Gods
providence protects the
just, so the bright raies of
his divinity pierce the
darke and secret caverns
of the most hellish in-
tendments. Our breasts
& actions are as transpa-
rent

rent to his eye, as his Decrees are invisible to ours.

Though a plot of malice be never so cunningly contrived, a twinkling of Gods eye is able both to detect and punish it.

He that sailes by the star of Vertue, shall in time land himselfe upon the shore of Honour.

Affections founded on Vertue, have happy ends; but

but built on lust and vice,
begin pleasantly, but terminate in misery.

It is a base thing to erect Trophies of Honor to our selves upon the ruines of anothers reputation.

High time it is to flee vanity, whē the drum of age beats a quick march towards the silent grave.

It is for the most part but lost labour to bend a mans

mans force against the
streame of anothers affe-
ctions.

Justice is the soule of a
Common-wealth: for as
a Body without a Soule
soone stinks, and is noi-
some; so a Common-
wealth without Iustice,
quickly turns to a lump
of corruption.

There are certaine
Springs, that when the
Sun shineth hottest, they
are

are coldest: at midnight
when the Sunne is gone,
they are then hottest:

So it is with Man, his
zeal is coldest in the Sun-
shine of prosperity; but in
the gloomie dayes of
dark aduersity, begins to
gather heat.

It is said of the Sea Ele-
phant, that sometimes he
will come ashore, and
sleep amongst the rocks;
whereas soone as he is
espied,

espied
roun
gins
done
who
wake
lent
leap
but

So i
drag
of pi
aslee
(wh
nesse
mol

espyed, the people sur-
round him with nets &
gins to take him; which
done, they awake him,
who as soone as he is a-
wake, leaps with a vio-
lent rush, thinking to
leap again into the Sea,
but cannot.

So it is with those, who
stragling out of the waies
of piety, oftentimes fall
asleep in sinne, which
(when by death, or sick-
nesse they are awakened)
think

think presently to rush
 into heaven, or upon the
 instant to leap into the
 paths of Repentance, but
 then it is too late; for they
 are oftentimes caught as
 surely; as suddenly; like
 the foole in the Gospel,
 that had laid up goods
 for many yeares.

We should tast world-
 ly pleasures running like
 the Egyptian dogs upon
 the banks of Nile; for as
 they, if they stand to drink

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long in a place, are in danger of that Serpent the Crocodile; so are those that stay to take full draughts of worldly pleasures, in danger of that serpent the Devill.

It is a bootlesse thing to indeavour the reformation or conversion of a perverse man: there is no meddling with him that loves to be transported with the streame of his owne opinions.

Hea-

Heaven is the admired
instrument of the glori-
ous God; by the influence
whereof he rules and go-
vernes the great masse of
this corruptible world.

It is said of those quag-
mires of honey, which
some say to be in *Misc-
via*, that there are gins &
snares set about them, by
which the Beare (which
out of a love to the honey
frequenteth those places)
is oftentimes caught, and
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thereby constrained to
forfeit his life, by pleasing
the curiosity of his taste.

Nocet emptia dolore voluptas

The sweetnesse of sin
is the death of the soule.

The pleasures of sin carry
a faire shew; but as the
shadow of the richest co-
lour, yea of scarlet it selfe
is alwaies black; so be the
colours of sin nere so glo-
rious, its shadow is black
and hellish; though in
taste it be wondrous plea-
sant,

F

sant,

sant, yet in digestion it is bitter as wormwood: the deadly Arsenicke of the soul, and the bane of all our happinesse, against which no Antidote prevailes, but the precious bloud of the Immaculate Lamb Christ Iesus.

It is not good to be alwayes busied in the toilsome shop of Action; that man hath but an earthly soul, which mauge the importunity of the

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the greatest businesse, wil
not sometimes sequester
himselfe into the with-
drawing chamber of
Meditation.

Credulity is oftentimes
the dreame of fooles, the
drunkards ape, and the
blind nurse of dangerous
security.

Bonaventure tels us, that
the damned shall weep
more teares in hell, than
there is water in the sea;

because the water of the sea is finite, but the teares shall be wept in hell are infinite, never ceasing as long as God is God.

Men are not rich or poore according to what they possesse, but to what they desire; the onely rich man is he that with content enjoys a competēcie.

Mensa minuscula

Pace referta,

Melior divitiis

Lite repletis.

Mi-

Miserable is he that
chooseth a wife either for
by or base respects ; but
happy is that mariage
when the soule is matcht
as well as the body.

Wise is he that shapeth
his expēces by his means,
and cuts the wings of his
desires in pleasure, that
they mount not above
the flight of his fortunes.

Nothing more unsati-
able than mens desires ;

he that is poor would be
rich, he that is rich would
be a gentleman, a gentle-
man would be a noble-
man, a noble man would
be a King, a King would
be the Monarch of the
world, and he that was
so, wept, because there
was no more to conquer.

*Heu quòd mortali non unus
sufficit orbis !*

It is not want makes
men poore, nor abun-
dance renders them rich;
the

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Inope

Nung

As
rules
ples,
more
rous t

the rich man may say of
himselſe, as *Narciffus* ſaid
when he ſaw his owne
beauty in the water,
which made him fall in
love with himſelſe,

Inopem me copia fecit,

Ovid. Meta.

----- *quid gentibus auri*
Nunquam extincta ſitis?

As there are no better
rules than good exam-
ples, ſo there is nothing
more pernitiouſly dange-
rous than bad.

*Longum iter per præcepta,
breve per exemplum.*

It is good for a man
to be industrious in his
youth, and to know that
if by honest labour he
accomplish any good
thing, the labour is soon
past, but the good re-
maines to his comfort;
and if for his pleasure he
doe any thing that is ill,
the pleasure is gone in a
moment, but the evill re-
maines to his torment.

Impia

*Impia sub dulci melle venena
latent. Ovid. de Pont.*

The strongest argument of a wise man is to be a good husband of his time; for amongst all the things that God created, there is nothing more precious

*Tempora labuntur, tacitisq;
senescimus annis,
Et fugiunt freno non remorante dies.*

Lent is a time of fasting;

ing; but the soules great
festivall: for the pampe-
ring of the body is the
starving of the soule; and
when we macerate the
body, we make the soule
a feast: if *depressio carnis*
leade not the way, *elevatio*
mentis will never move.

There is a creature,
saith *Plinie*, in the North
parts of Sweden called a
Ierfe, of so ravenous and
devouring a nature, that
though his belly be nere
so

so full
he w
nesse
goe,
trees
gethe
cing
disgo
posel
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those
take
in his
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reat so full, he is not satisfied ;
pe- he will eate till by his ful-
the nesse he is scarce able to
and goe, and then run to the
the trees that grow neare to-
ule gether, and there by for-
nis cing his body through ,
atio disgorgeth himselfe, pur-
ve. posely to repaire his sto-
mack for a fresh prey :
re, those that are minded to
rth take him, throw a carkas
d a in his way, and then ob-
nd serve the trees that he runs
at to when he is full, when
ere they once perceive him
so fast

fast betwixt the trees,
they run to him, and kill
him.

So it fares with those
that never think of any
thing but how to please
their senses, which the
devill observing, throws
divers temptations be-
fore their eyes, which
they never suspecting are
oftentimes confounded
in the very act of sin.

Of all other things ne-
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To
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Of
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ecessity hath the largest patient: maugre the greatest commands, necessity will first be observed.

To husband well a small talent is the onely way to mount a low fortune.

To be too full of complement is ridiculous: to be altogether without it, rusticity.

Of all conditions the most lamentable is that of

of ignorance: an ignorant man is like one of those that live directly under the North or South Pole, with whom it is alwaies night.

The onely way to be rid of a domineering vice, is to avoid all occasions thereto tending.

Prosperity cast at the feet of the wicked, is like a rich carpet cast over the mouth of a bottomlesse

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pit, which allures the feet
of the ungodly, along the
path of security, into that
bottomlesse tophet of e-
ternall misery.

A ruinous end attends
a riotous life. Well were
it for the drunkard, as he
hath liv'd like a beast, if
he could so die.

If the world did but
truely consider that there
is a Tophet prepared for
the wicked, it would ra-
ther

ther run mad through
feare and despaire, than
thus wallow in dreadful
security.

The rich may offend
more for want of chari-
ty, than the poore in stea-
ling things necessary.

He that rectifies a croo-
ked stick, bends it the
contrary way; so must he
that would reforme a
vice, learne to affect its
meere contrary, and in
time

time
spring
happy

It i
ly thin
son
hee
much
things
honor
go to
ly tha
to be
then
nate,

time hee shall see the
springing blossomes of a
happy reformation.

It is dangerous in ho-
ly things to make Rea-
son the touchstone :
hee that disputeth too
much with God about
things not revealed, all the
honour he gets, is but to
goe to hell more learned-
ly than the rest, It is good
to be *pius pulsator*, for
then the more importu-
nate, the more pleasing;
G but

but a *temerarius scrutator*
may be more bold than
welcome.

He that would hit the
mark he aimes at, must
wink with one eye: Hea-
ven is the mark, he that
would hit it, must wink
with the eye of Reason,
that hee may see better
with that of Faith.

Action is the crown of
Vertue, Perseverance the
crown of Action, Suffe-
rance

rance the crown of Per-
severance, a good cause
the crown of Sufferance,
and a crown of Glory
the crowne of a good
cause. *Esto fidelis usque
ad mortem, & dabo tibi co-
ronam Vitæ.*

FINIS.

the crown of Per-
 severance, a good cause
 the crown of Sufferance,
 and a crown of Glory
 the crown of a good
 cause. The hidden in the
 and more in the hidden



FINIS

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R

EPIGRAMS

A N D

EPITAPHS

Written by

ROB: CHAMBERLAIN.

*Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis,
Vt prisca gens mortalium
Paterna rura bobus exercet suis,
Solutus omni fœnore.*

Horat.

EPHRAIM

EPHRAIM



45.
6. 28.
1767



To

dear

Mr V

and

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little

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to see

prun



To his honored, and
dearely affected Master,
M^r WILLIAM BALLE, Son
and Heire to the Worthipfull
PETER BALLE Esquire.

S I R,



Am the more emboldned to present you with these fragments of Poetrie, in regard you begin to be one of the little darlings of the Muses. It is not the least of my comforts to see from a sprig of my owne pruning, such timely blossomes

of Poetical ingenuity: somewhat
rare it is to see Plants of wit a-
gree with the hard coldnesse of
our Climate; for this autumn
cuncta movens hath so stupifi-
ed the times, that Ignorance
hath almost outfac'd Inveni-
on. Apuleius may wander up
and down the Arcadian plains
to find Parnassus or the Heli-
conian Well, and meet none but
the dull brood of Midas to di-
rect him. Go on therefore hope-
full Sir, towards that sacred
Spring; you shall never want
the prayers, assistance, and mu-
nification of

Your humble servant,

Rob: Chamberlain.

To h
M^r R
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And wan

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Scipio's la

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And Time



To his well beloved friend,
M^r ROBERT CHAMBERLAIN,
the Author, in praise of
his following Poems.



THE wisest of *Philosophers* conclude,
Best Contemplations spring from *solitude*:

And wanting outward objects, the minds eye
Sees clearest into every mystrie.

Scipio's last life, in's *Villa* spake him man
More than his conquest of the *Affrican*.

So are the *seasons* helpers unto *Art*;
And *Time* to industry applies each part.

These

These thou hast made the *subjects* of thy *Layes*;
And they for *praising* them, returne thee *praise*.
So that to *praise* agen would shew to be
But repetition, and *Tautologie*.

And thine own *works* allow thee better note
Than any friends suspected partiall vote.

Thomas Nabbes.

In pra

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Tel o
ast alia's W
star-spangl
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Yet these a
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Lives in a
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Epigrams and Epitaphs.

In praise of a Country life.

THe winged fancies of the learned quill,
Tel of strange wonders, sweet *Parnassus* hill,
Callia's Well, the *Heliconian* Spring,
Star-spangled valleyes where *Muses* sing.
Admired things another *Storie* yeelds,
Of pleasant *Tempe*, and th' *Elysian* fields;
Yet these are nothing to the sweet that dwells
In low built cottages, and country cells. (kings,
What are the Scepters, Thrones, and Crowns of
But gilded burdens, and most fickle things?
What are great offices but cumbring troubles
And what are honours but dissolving bubbles
What though the gates of greatnes be frequented
With chains of glittering gold? he that's contented
Lives in a thousand times a happier way,
Than he that's tended thus from day to day.

Matters

Epigrams and Epitaphs.

Matters of State, nor yet domestick jars,
Comets portending death, nor blazing stars
Trouble his thoughts ; hee'l not post hast run
Through *Lethe*, *Styx*, and fiery *Phlegion*
For gold or silver : he will not affright
His golden slumbers in the silent night
For all the precious wealth, or sumptuous pride
That lies by *Tiber*, *Nile*, or *Ganges* side.
Th'imbroided meadows, & the crawling stream
Make soft and sweet his undisturbed dreams :
He revels not by day, nor in the nights,
Nor cares he much for Musickall delights ;
And yet his humble roose maintains a quire
Of singing Crickets round about the fire.
This harmlesse life he leads, and I dare say
Doth neither wish, nor feare his dying day.

Epigrams and Epitaphs.

On the VVorshipfull,
and worthy of all honour,
M^{rs} ANNE BALLE, Wife
of *Peter Balle* Esquire.

If worth can mortals to advancement bring,
If birth, or beauty be a precious thing,
Meeknesse be great Honours Palace gate,
and the fore-runner of some happy fate,
happy, then happy thou, that art the sweet
and little center where all these doe meet.

In

In Dominum Gulielmum Bal-
filium & hæredem Petri Balle
Armigeri.

*G*reci laudantur, Musis laudatur Apollo,
*V*irgiliū fama et scandit ad astra poli:
*L*aude vigent multi, sed jam puerilibus annis
*I*ngenio supexas tu Gulielme senes.
*E*n mare tu terras, urbes atq; oppida fando
*L*aurigerum nostro tempore nomen habes.
*M*agna canunt magni pueris incognita parvis
*U*mbraeque moris non aduenda nigris.
*S*ed teneris doctrina tuis non conuenit annis,
*B*is pueriq; senes, tu puer atq; senex.
*A*stra fueret tuo natu felicia caeli,
*L*am quoq; nunc felix est adhibenda tibi.
*L*aurum tolle, laet quod pectore teq; docebo,
*E*t dii dent studiis vela secunda tuis.

Epigrams and Epitaphs.

The same in English.

A *Pollus* skill, the Grecian pen for wars,
And *Virgil* too, transcend the glittering stars:
Praise makes men live, but thou a child unfit,
Transcends the limits of an old mans wit.
Both sea and land thou know'st, & for thy praise
Our times shall give thee thy deserved bayes.
Great Poets sing great things that children know
Which to the places of oblivion go not, (not,
Thy learning fits not with thy tender mold,
Old men are children, thou a child, art old.
The heavenly stars upon thy birth did shine,
To make thee happy, now the praise is thine.
Take up thy bayes, I'll teach thee what's in me,
And may the Gods give prosp'rous fates to thee.

In

Epigrams and Epitaphs.

In praise of Learning.

HAppy, thrice happy, & ye sisters still,
That love and live on sweet *Parnassus* hill;
Blest be your times and tunes, that sit and sing
On flowrie banks by *Aganippes* Spring.
Blest be the shadie groves where those doe dwell
Which doe frequent that *Heliconian* Well,
Where learning lives, whereby when men expire,
They are made chanterers in the heavenly quire.
That sacred learning, whose inspired notions
Makes Mortalls know heavens high alternat mo-
tions:
Trúpets their names unto the christal sky
Though in the grave their bones consuming lie.
Thrice happy those then, to who learning's given,
Whose lives on earth doe sympathize with heavē.
Whose thoughts are still on high, longing to see
Heavens

Epigrams and Epitaphs

Heavens, Tabernacles of Eternity;
Sleighting the world, and spurning at its praise
Which like *Meander* runs ten thousand waies.

They (when pale death to dust their corps shall
With quires of Angels shal in heave sing.

To his honoured friend,
Mr Giles Balte Merchant.

On the Spring.

The lofty Mountains standing on a row,
Which but of late were periwigd with snow
D'off their old coats, and now are daily seene
To stand on tiptoes, all in swaggering greene
Meadows and gardens are prankt up with buds,
And chirping birds now chant it in the woods.

Epigrams and Epitaphs.

The warbling Swallow, and the Larks do sing,
To welcome in the glorious verdant Spring.

To his deare friend and
cousin, M^r *Allan Penny*,
Citizen of *Exeter*.

On the Morning.

THe morning golden horse rush forth amain,
Spending their breath, suckt fro the Eastern
(plain ;
And posting still with speed through gentle aire,
Hurl their perfumes from out the glittering chair.
The Suns bright Steeds come running up again
To *Taurus* top, still glad to see the plain
Of *Indus* bay: and now begins t'approach
The winged Messenger of heaven, in's Coach

Epigrams and Epitaphs

Of ruddy flames; night-wandering stars have done
Their stragling course, and now the day's begun.
Bright burning *Luna* drags her dazzling taile
Into the dungeon of a darksome vaile.

To his deare friend and
brother, M^r *Thomas Bowdon*.

On the Evening.

Rise, rise, yee sootie horse from duskie dale;
And draw your Mistresse in a sable vaile:
Who rides it out with her knot curled haire,
Like to an *Æthiope* in an *Ebonie* chaire:
Whose dark unseemly face is wrapt in shrowds,
With *Styx* dy'd curtains of congealed clouds,
Rise thou pale *Queen* of night, prepare thy carres,
And climb you glittering glorious mount of stars.

Epigrams and Epitaphs.

To his dearest brother, M^r.
William Holmes, Citizen of Exeter.

Deaths impartiality.

Carmen Hexametrum.

High minded *Pyrrhus*, brave *Hector*, stout
Agamemnon,
Hannibal, and *Scipio*, whom all the world did
attend on,
That worthy Captain, world conquering great
Alexander,
That tender, constant, true hearted, lovely
Leander,
That cunning Painter, that curious handed
Apelles,
Mirmidons insatiate, that kept the Tent of
Achilles,
Alphonso Aragon, that great Mathematicall
Artist,
That stately Queene of beauty, that Lady
Mars kist,
Wit, wealth, and beauty, yea all these pomps that
adorne us,
Must see black *Phlegion*, rough *Styx*, and fatall
Averna.

To

To his kind and loving
friend, Mr Henry Prigg,
Citizen of Exeter.

On the sweetnesse of Contentation.

THe world still gazeth on the glittering shew
Of Scepters, Crowns, and Diadems, but few
Consider truly the tempestuous cares,
And tumbling troubles of the State affaires.
Honour's the spur that pricks th'ambitious mind,
And makes it puffed and swelled with th'empty wind
Of self conceit: But yet me thinks I see
A state more full of sweet security.
The rustie Farmer, more contentment yeelds

Epigrams and Epitaphs,

Unto himselfe, whilst toiling in his fields,
Behold's upon the pleasant fertile banks,
Wise Nature's flowrie wonders in their rankes.
And when the halfe part of the day is spent,
His wife her basket brings, they with content
Do both sit down by some sweet fragling Spring
And make a Feast, whilst 'bout his table sing
The chirping birds; he when the day is past,
Home to his children, and his wife makes haste:
The children joy to see their father there;
The father joyes to see his children deare:
Then they begin to him their pleasant prattle,
One shewes his pins, another brings his rattle.
With these contents the good man's over-joy'd,
When thus he sees his deare affections cloy'd,
What if others toile for honour, and in vaine

Deny

Epigrams and Epitaphs.

Deny themselves those sweets they might obtain.

O then thou great Commander of the skyes,

That dings downe pride, and makes the poor man

Let them that will dote on these gilded toys,

Let me account it chiefest of my joyes

T' enjoy a lean estate, and nothing more,

If't be thy pleasure that I still be poore.

Give me this sweet content, that I may die

A patient servant to thy Majestic.

Epigrams and Epitaphs.

To his dearely affected
friend, M^r George Leach
of Broadcliff in Devon:

On the Vanity of Man.

Like to the Swan on sweet *Meanders* brink,
Like flowers that flourish in the morne, and
(shrink

Down with their heads, when sable night appears;

Such is our frailty in this vale of teares.

The gilded gallant, and the tortur'd slave

Cut down by death, come tumbling to the grave.

Not *Europes* riches, nor an *Ajax* bold,

Nor men, nor Angels, nor our bags of gold,

Nor he that was the spacious worlds Cōmander,

Cesar, *Pompey*, nor an *Alexander*,

Nor

Epigrams and Epitaphs

Nor can greene youth, well, wit, or tender age,
The raging fury of thy Sword assuage.
O then thou Star Commander, dreadfull King,
Whose *Fiat* makes the trembling world to ring,
Teach us, & teach us so to know our dayes,
Thereby to rectifie our crooked waies;
That when with Angels, and Archangels thou
Shalt come to iudge the world, and make it bow,
We then may render up a good account,
And live with thee upon that starrie mount.

O

In

Nor

Epigram and Epitaph.

In Hyemem.

P*Apulae canescunt, tremebundi turbinis horror
Fulminat, heu Boreas nimbo a grandinat ira
Torva laboriferi fulgentia cornua quassi*

*Tauri, mixtaeque, pelagus vultu tangere, stellae,
Cerberus horrendo baculo nunc Tartara plangit,
Flammiferosq; locos dicit spoliasse pruina.*

On

nl

Epigrams and Epitaphs

**On the death of Mr.
Charles Fitz-Geffrays, Mi-
nister of Gods Word.**

O Thou the saddest of the Sisters nine,
O Adde to a sea of teares, one teare of mine.
Unhappy I, that am constrain'd to sing
His death, whose life did make the world to ring
With echoes of his praise. A true Divine
In's life & doctrine, which like Lamps did shine
Till they were spent and done, did never cease
To guide our steps unto eternall peace.
Thy habitation's now the stony mount,
Where thy great Maker makes of thee account.
Farewell thou splendor of the spacious West,

Above

Epigrams and Epitaphs.

Above th' Ætheriall clouds for ever blest :
The losse of thee a watry mountaine reares,
With high spring-tide of our sad trickling teares.

On Sack.

O Thou so much admir'd by ev'ry soule
That lives' twixt th' Artick & th' Antartick
(Pole)
Apollo's drink, drawn from the *Thessian* spring,
Whereof the silver Swans before they sing
Doe alwaies drink : though thy sweet limping
Some mortall creatures of their coine beguiles,
Yet from black *Limbo's* gate thou bring'st mans
And makes his spirits knock the highest Pole.

ON

Epigram and Epitaph

On Tobacco.

THou hell-bred lump of sin, infernall drink,
Pernicious, damn'd, soule-fascinating stink,
Time's great consumer, cursed child of hell,
Scum of perdition, sprung from *Pluto's* cell :
Thy barbarous nature likes no soile so well,
As where the Devill and his pagans dwell.
Bewitched then are those that stand up for thee,
Till they have grace t'abandon and abhor thee.

IN

Epigrammata et Epitaphia

IN OBITUM
HENRICI BLUETT
Generosi.

Rusticus in agro,
Opifex in pago:
Omnes hoc mundo
Nisuntur in vano.
Mercator in mare,
Vir officina,
Cum vult pulsare
Mors, quid medicina?



VI

FINIS.

**Imprimantur hæ No-
cturnæ Lueubrationes.**

**Ex Ædibus
Londin.**

Apr. 2. 1638.

SA: BAKER.